

Pete Townshend, Hiding Out

From my window I see roads
Lead to darkness, leading home
In the midnight of a soul's unsleeping
I hear the waterfall of women weeping
Hear the distant noise of traffic stalling
Hear the prostituted children calling, calling out

From the barred and mesh-floor streets
Of a winter's night, without a moon
I am safe-hidden here
I am safe-hidden here
Hiding out

I look over the chequered fields
And the towering web of steel
Young and old will sit and judge unfeeling
While the empty church's bells are pealing
And the green hills lay ignored, untended
Lonely watchers remain unbefriended

And out in the one-way streets
Is a swelling maze, without a door
I am safe-hidden here
I am safe-hidden here
Hiding out